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OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. IV.]

NORWAY, (Maine,) THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1827.

[NO. 160.]

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

LIFE.

How transitory are all the enjoyments and pleasures of this world—they are as fleeting as our years. Youth, like the spring, is all gaiety—and like that season, it swiftly passes away. The young fancy may picture out a world free from disappointments and unhappiness; and, viewing with an unfinal eye the scenes that are around, leaving out all evil as a vexing thorn, and realizing nothing beyond its untold and limited vision, it may promise a life rich with every enjoyment. And like the spring, with gay young flowers blossoming all around, the future may appear to wear such bidding smiles, that something may seem to express assurance to every thing the tip-toe heart may ask for. But every spring will have a summer, that shall wither up its gay flowers, and every youth that passes on to manhood, lives but to see his wild fancy pictured but a dream. The hope that was once bright in his heart, cold disappointment now blasted; and the wealth, and honor, and distinction, which he had once promised himself as a birthright, he has now to struggle with the world to obtain.

The days of youth are said to be our happiest days—and they indeed are. Our hearts are then peculiarly capable of enjoying all that is interesting and beautiful, and of loving all that is endearing and excellent. The tenderest and most generous feelings of love and friendship, and all the charities and virtues of life, are then pure and uncontaminated. But as the spring time of our years passes away, our lives, like the summer fields, become varied by a thousand unexpected events. Life can never proceed long in an uniform train. The seeds of alteration are every day and every where sown. The silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, until at length the period comes when all must be swept away; and the high hopes we had entertained, and the great designs we had projected, will sink with us into oblivion. Alas! our days are as a hand's breadth, and our age is as nothing.

But how happy must that man be, who, when the spring and summer of his days are gone by, can look back through the long retrospect of his journey without regret—and from whose bosom the cares and animosities of the world sink unperceived away, and who can look forward without disquietude to that kindred evening, which time must bring to all—who, when his eye has become dim, and his strength decayed, and on whose head the winter of age has shed its prophetic snows, can look forward with an humble hope to the beneficence of God; and while he is entering on that shadowy valley that leads to the abode of death, can feel the assurance that he is leaning on that hand which can comfort and save, and can conduct to those green pastures and those still waters, where there is an eternal rest for the children of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

REMINISCENCES OF A LOVER.

"Margarita first possess,
If I remember well my breast,—
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria,
And then a little Thaisine,
And then a pretty Katharine,
And then a long et cetera."

COWLEY'S CHRONICLE.

When, at the mature age of five and forty, a man reviews his past life, and retraces in memory the course of that stream which admits no voyager's return, he will generally discover ample materials for wonder, ridicule, gratitude and regret. As opinions once warmly advocated, pursuits once madly followed, errors long since abandoned, wishes long since recalled, rise in review before that being, another yet the same, who sits in sober judgment on his former self; he will be almost tempted to doubt his own identity, and will scarcely credit the power that a few short years have exercised over his mind. How the heedless, perfunctory youth, escaped the ruin so often courted, and gained the blessings so often repelled, will be matter for grateful astonishment; and whatever misfortunes may have attended him, he will, perhaps, thankfully acknowledge that but for the disappointment of his own wild wishes, and the rejection of his own earnest prayers, their number would have been trebled.

When I look back upon the escapes of my youth there is one which is peculiarly surprising. I cannot comprehend how I reached five and twenty without being married. A more susceptible being than myself never existed. Before I was fourteen I had fan-

cied myself in love with two or three of my partners at children's balls, and had made many ineffectual attempts to seduce good little girls in muslin frocks and coral necklaces into talking sentiment. Alas! young ladies of my own age rejected my bland and aspired to older admirers; while to the children who would condescend to dance with a boy, manly gallantries were quite unintelligible. True, while I brought them cakes and negus with a lover's alacrity, they thought me very agreeable; but if I gazed at them earnestly, they told me it was rude to stare; and I made one pretty, blue-eyed creature cry by squeezing her hand, and sent another in angry complaint to her mamma, because I insisted in carrying away her beautiful new fan.

I would gaze, too, at that time, with inexhaustible delight on handsome women, who, when they detected my artless admiration, would mortify me by unblushing cheeks, and by a good natured smile, which seemed to say—
"Pargoletto, non sai che cosa e amore."

At eighteen I had been guilty of twenty flirtations. I never went to a dance without seeing some one pretty enough to keep me awake half an hour after I was in bed; and even the bright eyes and blooming cheeks which passed me in the streets, set my breast in a flutter; and I would love to nurture the romantic idea that the fair vision, would again cross my path. As yet, however, my fancies had been fleeting, my passion unacknowledged and unreturned. Many a flaming love-letter had been written, but timidity or inconstancy had consigned them unnoted to the flames. I spent the vacation after I left school, at the country-seat of one of my father's intimate friends. For the first few days I was very uncomfortable—there was not a woman in the house with whom I could fall in love. Two were old, two married, one engaged, and another inexcusably plain. I was just making up my mind to be very much smitten by a widow of twice my age, when I was informed that Miss Emily B. was expected. Her name was much in her favor, and I was in love with her before she arrived. My heart palpitated violently when I heard that she was in the house, and the moment I saw her face, I told myself that my fate was fixed.—Emily was just the beauty that boys admire, a skin all lilies and roses, laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks, high spirits. She was in the first riotous delight of coming out, ready to dance all night and every night, in that happy state between girl and woman so attractive even to those who are old enough to mourn over its vanity and brevity. Natural tastes, childish pleasures had not lost their charm; she loved battledore and shuttlecock, and delighted in long rambles, and in being lost in woods. If she tore her best gown, she laughed with infectious gaiety; if she had an elderly partner, she tried to tire him by the violence of her dancing, and if any thing ridiculous occurred, no power on earth could keep her risible muscles in subjection. This gay creature and myself were on the most friendly terms.

She nettled the purses, and tied on my watch-ribbons; I wrote her out new waltzes, and puzzling charades. She wore pink to please me, I learned the flageolet to please her. We seemed made for each other; for we thought alike on several important subjects—we liked the same songs and the same novels—and each doted upon the Bou-langer, and considered it to be almost sinful to leave off dancing before the sun rose. Eight hours dancing could not subdue Emily's buoyant spirits; when every one else was tired and languid, she was ready to laugh and dance with all around, and I verily believe never left a ball-room till she was fairly carried off by her exhausted chaperon. My attentions and devotions soon won upon Emily's regard, while her beauty and vivacity made me desperately in love. I offered her my heart which she willingly accepted. I believe she thought marriage would be one long country-dance, for she plighted her faith for life with the same careless gaiety with which she gave her hand for "Sir Roger de Coverley." I was all joy and transport for two or three days; but, alas! fathers on both sides interfered; Emily wept, I raved, but all would not do: we were parted—she was taken to a watering place, I was hurried into Scotland to shoot grouse; the anxieties of a sportsman superseded those of a lover, and I was astonished to find that I did not drink poison. Ten years afterwards I saw Emily again. I was passing through Southampton, on my return from a tour in the Isle of Wight, when a lady, leaning on the arm of two officers, accosted me by my name. She

was altered beyond recognition; but an explanation ensued, and she informed me that she had been married eight years to a Captain of infantry, had accompanied him abroad, had given birth to six children, and buried three. She had lost her color and her beauty; she was smartly but tawdrily dressed; her spirits seemed changed into an habitual titter, and her temper to have acquired a fretfulness once unknown. I gazed upon her with astonishment. Vanished were the graces and sportiveness once so attractive—nothing recalled to me the Emily of earlier years, till at length she laughed heartily and naturally at a prank of her eldest boy, who was with her, and I again caught the jocund notes which ten years had not quite effaced from my remembrance. The Emily I had loved in her early bloom rose before me, a thousand frolics and pleasures, accompanied the image, and scenes and feelings long faded, started into vivid colors at the sound.

While in Scotland I fell more than half in love, with a young Highland beauty, in silken snood and robe of plaid, whom I met at an Edinburgh ball; but as this was only three months after I had assured my father that my attachment to Emily could end but with my life, I thought I should look rather ridiculous, if I broke my resolution so soon. I checked, therefore, my budding passion, and sighed and looked miserable a little longer. During the Christmas holidays I had to subdue another threatening penchant towards an agreeable cousin; and set off for Oxford without having regularly forfeited my reputation for constancy.

Within a few miles of my new residence lived a clergyman and his wife, who had one fair daughter, just returned from a fashionable school, her head full of novels and nonsense, her heart, like a highly charged electric jar, ready to explode at the slightest touch of a lover's finger. Chance threw me first in her way. One fine evening in spring I helped her over a stile, and this was obliged to suffice instead of rescuing her from a ruffian or mad bull. In love we fell most romantically, and nursed the flame by concealment and stratagem. This was a most sentimental, serious concern; I soon learned to despise the merry-making style of my former attachment, to consider a smile as high treason against the doubts and anxieties of love, and to think that "all lovers should look melancholy mad."

We sighed to the sighing groves, sat pensive under trees, quoted Petrarch, preferred the moon to the sun, and gave many other signs of eternal affection. Of course I became a poet, at least (I beg pardon of half a dozen living authors) I began to write in rhyme. I read my verses to my charmer, who was celebrated in them by the name of Fiordelisa. She was delighted with my effusions, compared them with the compositions of our best poets, requested copies of them, which she kept in a rose-colored satin French pocket-book trimmed with silver, and urged me incessantly to show my extraordinary talents to the world, and publish a volume of poems. I did not love my Fiordelisa the less for her favorable opinion of my infant muse, and my flattered vanity soon persuaded me that her judgment and taste were peculiarly correct. I began to prepare my verses for the press, and for all the immortality which fine wave paper can bestow. Already I heard in fancy the wonder, the suspensions, and admiration which would follow their anonymous publication, and Fiordelisa was evidently most impatient for the time when her charms would be recorded in print. We never met without my reading to her some new addition to the tiny bulk of my future volume.—How well can I remember the spot, the scene of the lover's and author's delusions. It was a small wood, from which the brush-wood had been cleared, and the extreme unevenness of the ground denoted that it had at some distant period been dug for chalk or gravel. Now, however, every miniature mountain and fairy valley was covered with a fresh green turf, and shaded by trees of fifteen years' growth. The lively verdure of the grass was here diversified by the deeper, richer tints of the velvet moss, there overhung by the tall fernery frond, and every where adorned by those innumerable creeping plants which loved the shelter of woods and groves. At a distance from any high road, and accessible only through by-lanes and meadows, the spot seemed destined for the secret meetings of lovers, whose wooing need fear no other listeners than a blind horse or patient donkey sometimes put in to graze, and no louder interruption than the cawings of rooks, or the twitter of the larks

that rose from the cork-field which skirted one side of the wood.—Hither I used to walk from Oxford, and wait the arrival of my Fiordelisa. If she lingered, I paced impatiently about, and fancied myself jealous and miserable; then, when at length I saw her approaching, I hurried towards her, uttered a thousand tender reproaches, and believed that every hope and happiness of life hung upon her smiles. How eloquently I talked!—how approvingly she listened! At length, after I had lingered at Oxford during a great part of the long vacation, my father summoned me to his country-seat, and insisted upon my allowing myself a short relaxation from study. I wrote some most pathetic verses upon my separation from my charmer, and tore myself away, convinced that I should be dreadfully out of spirits till my return to Oxford—I was not quite sure that I should not be seriously ill. Affairs however took a more favorable turn. My sporting propensities returned with original ardor; a morning's success with my dogs made me cheerful in the evening with the ladies, and what, with walking and talking, I was too tired to complain to my pillow of Fiordelisa's absence.—A handsome widow, too, universally courted and admired, condescended to dance and talk with me, to choose my arm when we walked, to sing my favorite songs and to wear my favorite colors. A youth of twenty is in great danger from the regard of women older than himself: their notice flatters, their easy manners dissipate the timidity which girlish bashfulness might increase, and their maturer age permits a degree of encouragement which is denied to younger coquettes. Mrs. G's bright eyes, her spirited conversation, her musical talents, her smiles peculiarly bewitching because she smiled at me; soon convinced me that although my heart was irrevocably my Fiordelisa's yet it would be only an act of common civility to give up my time and attention to my present companion. I wrote to my absent fair one and was as much in love as ever upon paper. Fiordelisa answered my letter, thank God, for if she had never written, I might have continued to nurse a fancied attachment, and she might now be my wife.

Nonsense, which breathes itself in gentle murmurs from the lips of a beautiful woman, is easily mistaken for sense; but, alas! put it on paper, and the delusion flies: give it a local habitation, and all its folly becomes visible. My charmer's letter, defective in both orthography and syntax, was inexpressibly silly, much too fond, too full of common-place quotation, and, alas! it contained a copy of verses on my departure, and a request that I would print them at the end of my volume. Heaven! how indignant I felt at the idea of annexing such trash to my own superior productions; and yet too soon I remembered that it was in a great measure owing to the praises Fiordelisa had bestowed on my poetry that I had been induced to resolve on its publication. I rushed to my writing desk, tore my neat manuscript from its concealment, and with the unpinning resolution of a Brutus or a Manlius, consigned my undeserving offspring to the flames. I watched the devouring element. In a few moments all was reduced to ashes. I swore over the mouldering remains "that I would henceforth be rhyme-proof till my last breath;" and as no muse or nymph appeared to crush my "infant-ailth" I have persevered in my resolution. I then sat down to ruminate upon my engagement with Martha Anne—her poetical name had expired, Fiordelisa was no more. Engaged to her I was by a thousand tender vows, and her heart, I felt well assured, was firmly, irrevocably mine. I had promised that as soon as I came of age I would endeavor to procure my father's consent to our union; and how often have I talked of the "leaden pincers" upon which the intervening months would move! Now, however, I began to discover that a pretty simoleon could not long retain my affections; I remembered that

"L'anima perche sola e riamante
Sola e degna d'amor degna d'amante.
I became suddenly alive to all the discomforts of an ill-assorted union.

It may be remembered that Mr. Edgeworth in his memoirs tells us that he attached himself inconsiderately, and like me discovered his delusion; that he opened his mind to his affianced, offered her his hand if she chose to accept it, married her, and made her a bad husband. The honor of such a proceeding is universally allowed; nothing can be more honorable than to make a woman miserable for ever as your wife, instead of miserable for a few months by your inconstancy. To consign a woman to neglect and tears rather than be

pointed at as an inconstant, may be honorable, but it is not humane; it is saying, I will be kind only to be cruel, I will purchase the approbation of the world by the sacrifice of my own happiness and that of my unfortunate wife. I mused for half an hour on the awkwardness of my situation, and then, claiming the "high privilege of youthful time," put aside every uncomfortable reflection, hurried into the drawing-room to talk and flirt, and play chess, and sing duets, with Mrs. G. and determined to leave my fate to fortune. She proved a kinder mistress than I either expected or deserved. In my next letter to Martha Anne, I called her by her real name, announced my resolution not to publish my poems. When I returned to Oxford, she had just eloped with a youth of eighteen; and I am ashamed to say that my pride was much hurt by her dereliction. A fortnight or three weeks elapsed before I was properly grateful for my escape.

I now took to study, and resolved never to be in love in term-time. To make up, however, for so severe a deprivation, I generally lost my heart four times every long vacation, and twice every shorter one. My father heard of my approaching marriage in every direction but was comforted when he found that no two people assigned me to the same bride. I proved the truth of Addison's assertion, that "there is no end of affection taken in the eyes only;" and, unwarned by former escapes, continued to dress every pretty woman I met, in a thousand imaginary perfections. I was only saved by fortunate chances; from offering my hand to three simpletons, and as many viragoes; and as I was heir to a handsome property, I should most likely have been accepted; once I was rescued by a regiment entering the town where the lovely Eliza lived, who speedily transferred her smiles to a diminutive, red-haired coxcomb clothed in scarlet and gold. To this feminine weakness I am, however, greatly obliged, as it thus saved me from one imprudent engagement.—The fair little Fanny, so delicate in feature and attire, was kind enough to set a partridge which nearly sent me from table, and at every mouthful I found the pain in my left side diminish. Thick ankles cured me twice, ebony tip nails once; sometimes some fortunate interruption (duly cursed at the time) prevented my crossing the fatal Rubicon; and as I now recall the character; temper, and acquisitions of these short-lived empresses of my affection, and then cast my eyes upon her who sits beside me while all her excellences of heart and head rush to my remembrance, I feel tempted to ask my heart how I have deserved so valuable a prize. Happily for the peace of my various charmers; my character as a flirt was so well known that my devotions and gallantries, which from another man would have almost the purchase of wedding-clothes, from me spoke the language of common place admiration and politeness.

One of my escapes from matrimony was almost miraculous. I was seated next the charming Matilda in one of the stage boxes at Convent-Garden Theatre. She turned to look at the performance, and I to look at her profile. She was most becomingly dressed. The purity of her skin which braved the closest inspection, the classical correctness of her features, the rich, easy wave of her shining tresses, the deepened tints on her cheek, the gaze of admiration from the pit, the uplifted glasses in the opposite boxes, altogether operated powerfully on my passion and my pride; I longed to call so lovely a creature my own; and without a moment's reflection I uttered the feelings of my heart, and poured into her ear the open and full confession of eternal attachment. A merciful chance prevented her hearing me; a castle was just blowing up on the stage; when quiet was restored, she turned to ask if I had spoken, I made some remark upon the performance, and deferred my declaration to a more convenient season. The next morning I met her at a panorama of Gibraltar. She asked aloud at what distance was the opposite coast of Asia; I blushed deeply for her then, and firmly resolved never to blush for her as my wife.

At this time I was studying the law at Lincoln's-Inn, and I found a London atmosphere much less favorable to love than the breezes of the country. Society and circumstances also are all unfriendly to the growth of town attachments. How much more natural and favorable to love are scenes of rural beauty; the winding lane with thick and tangled hedge-rows; the friendly screen of grove and coppice; the delicious quiet of a summer evening; the

country rattle, when lagging love drops behind the other walkers—bright skies, soft gales, sweet flowers, pleasant sounds; do they not insinuate love into the breasts of the cold, cherish liking into affection, and raise affection to enthusiasm?

Either from the anti-amatory effects of London smoke, from my own advanced years and increased experience (for I was now turned of three and twenty) or from the occupation of my mind and my time by my legal pursuits, I became by degrees less precipitate in my attachments, and more fastidious with regard to female beauty. Six months passed away without my penning in my brain one intended love-letter, or squeezing one beauty's hand so fiercely as to give her pain, or sighing so loudly as to make her start, or pressing to my lips in the solitude of my own room one faded flower which had fallen from a lady's bosom. I began to think all danger over for life, but alas! I had speedily occasion to exclaim,

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM CANTON.

Extract of a letter from an Officer of an American Merchant Vessel, dated at LANTIN, March 20, 1827.

"On the 1st inst. there was a battle between five boats of the Americans and English lying in this port, and two Chinese Mandarin Boats, and one of their men of war's Launches, occasioned by a Pass Boat coming down with orders for the Am. ship Citizen of New York to proceed to Canton. The Mandarins took the Pass Boat, and were towing her towards the Chinese vessels of war—when the Americans and English manned their Boats, and went in pursuit. In about half an hour the foremost Boat came up with them. Muskets were fired and stones thrown from the Mandarin Boats; but our other boats coming up, they began an attack, and succeeded in re-taking the Pass Boat and orders, and proceeded to the ship Citizen. In about the 2d inst. that there were two Mandarins killed, and 20 Chinese wounded. There are three or four Chinese vessels of war lying here now, and there are said to be thirty more coming down from town—about 60 miles. We now lie with all our guns double shotted, ready for battle. The vessels that are here, I think are more than a match for them. It will probably put a stop to business for some time, at Wampoa, where the vessels lie that are bound to Canton. There are two men, slightly hurt with stones, having the only ones injured, on our side, in this affair."—*Boston Palladium.*

[From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.]

REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

We have been favored with a copy of the "Reconciliator extra," of June 20th. It contains a letter from Vice President SANTANDER, dated at Bogota, April 30th, to the LIBERATOR, urging his immediate return to the capital, for the purpose of resuming the Executive duties, and of allaying the difficulties that exist. This is followed by a reply of Mr. Revenga, Secretary of State, dated Caracas, June 19th informing the Vice President, that the LIBERATOR with all possible expedition, set out for the Seat of government, &c. The remainder of the paper is occupied by a Proclamation of Bolivar, of which the following is a hasty translation:—

Proclamation of SIMON BOLIVAR, Liberator, President, &c. &c.

COLOMBIANS.—

Your enemies are threatening destruction to Colombia—it is my duty to save it. Fourteen successive years have found me at your head, by the unanimous vote of the people. During all the periods in which glory and prosperity have fallen to the Republic, I have renounced the Supreme command in the purest sincerity. I have no stronger wish than to avoid the use of the instruments of tyranny, which I abhor more than ignominy itself. But ought I to abandon you in the hour of danger? Would this be the conduct of a Citizen and a Soldier? No, Colombians, I am resolved to face it all, in order that Anarchy may not usurp the place of Liberty, and Rebellion that of the Constitution. As a Citizen, as Liberator, as President, my duty involves the glorious necessity of my sacrificing myself for you.—I will march then, to the Southern confines of the Republic, to expose my life and my glory to liberate you from the perfidious wretches, who, after having trampled on their most sacred duties, have raised the standard of treason, to invade the most loyal Departments, and those most worthy of our protection.

Colombians—The will of the nation is opposed by the many pretors who have taken upon themselves to dictate the law to the sovereign whom they ought to obey. They have arrogated to themselves the supreme right of the nation; they have violated all principles—in fine, the troops which once were Colombians, the Allies of Peru, have returned to their country to establish a new and extraordinary government on the ruins of the Republic, which they outrage with more insolence than our old oppressors.

Colombians—I appeal to your glory and your patriotism. Rally round the

National standard, which has waved in triumph from the mouth of the Oronoko to the summit of the Potosi. Love it, and the nation will preserve its liberty.

The cry of Colombia is for the great Convention—it is her most urgent want. Congress will doubtless convolve it. And in the hands of Congress will I place the staff and sword which the Republic has entrusted to me, both as Constitutional President and Supreme Extraordinary Chief constituted by the people. I will not deceive the hopes of the country.—You have acquired liberty, glory and law against your former enemies. Liberty, glory and Law will we preserve in spite of atrocious Anarchy.

Head Quarters, Caracas, 19th June, 1827—Independence 17th.

BOLIVAR.

Although we are not disposed to conjure up goblins to frighten the peaceful inhabitants of this happy country, nor wish to predict the coming of a fearful storm, that shall re-desolate the kingdoms of the old world, yet conviction obtrudes upon us at every turn of our foreign Journals, that the hypothetical opinion of Mr. Canning, in relation to the consequences that might attend on the sending British troops to Portugal, is, much nearer assuming the form of a dread reality than most of our contemporaries seem to believe. Mr. Canning declared, that if there should be a war in Europe, it would be one of opinions; and past experience in his own days, and all history had taught him that persecution and cruelty of every description, were the inevitable results of inflamed minds, in other words, of obstinacy of opinion. The chains of arbitrary power were, perhaps, never more strongly rivetted than by those European Sovereigns who were parties to the compact against the late Emperor of France, and they appear to have supposed that the legitimacy of the Sovereign necessarily implied the vassalage of the subject; but a state of peace having permitted an interchange of thoughts, mind appears to have prevailed over barbarism, and the principles of well regulated liberty have been insinuating themselves gradually into the European States, until in several kingdoms, a more free constitution has been extorted from their rulers, and others are preparing to follow the example. By our late advices, it appears the King of Prussia was busily employed in giving a new constitution to his people, the people of France though satisfied with their form of government are by no means quiescent under the inordinate and withering ambition of the clergy, which not satisfied with secular power acquired by the favor of the crown, or the talents of the aspirants, seeks to govern by the propagation of doctrines long since branded as fit only for the dark ages of the world, and seeks to restrain the freedom of the press under the pretence that it is licentious both in secular and ecclesiastical matters. It is true, that in a recent instance the supporters of a free press have been victorious, but the expenses of a prosecution are so heavy, that the spirit of free inquiry is still much shackled, and for one tolerated, there are scores of silenced Journals.—We do believe that this state of things cannot last, that the bayonet will once more be called to the aid of Despotism, and that when that attempt shall be made, the struggle will be bloody and obstinate, in proportion to the knowledge which the different people may possess of their rights, as well as their duties, as subjects though they may be ready to yield a willing obedience to rulers who will govern them as men and not brutes, they will not resume their former chains until resistance shall be vain.—*N. Y. Morning Courier.*

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The Editors of the Morning Courier have received by the ship Cortes Capt. Sprague, arrived on Saturday their regular files of London papers, Lloyd's and Shipping Lists, from the 1st to the evening of 7th June inclusive, from which they make as copious extracts as their limits will permit.

We learn by the Courier of 7th June, that on the previous evening a Cabinet Council was held at the House of Mr. Canning; and the same afternoon the Lords of the Privy Council had also a meeting which occupied several hours, but not a word about a new ministry, as reported in the Morning Herald of 4th.

Parliament re-assembled on the evening of 6th June, after the short (two days) Whitsuntide recess. The British Traveller of 6th says, "Ministers are, doubtless, anxious to get forward with those grand measures of domestic and foreign policy, which have been so much impeded by the senseless juggling of the 'New Opposition' before the prorogation of Parliament, which, it is currently reported in the city this morning, is fixed for the 24th of the current month."

LONDON, 7th JUNE.—A morning paper, with becoming doubt and diffidence we admit, speaks of a rumor which is "mentioned every where," though we cannot say we have ourselves heard it any where.—That Earl Grey is to be the new Governor-General of India! "Various circumstances" (it is added) are mentioned as having retarded, and at

length brought about this arrangement, none of which we credit; nor should we, therefore, feel justified in repeating. We merely give the report itself as one which we find extremely current, adding our hope that it cannot be true. We can relieve the fears of our contemporaries, for certainly the report is not true.

We find it asserted in another Morning Paper, that Lord W. Berrick, is appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in place of his Excellency Lord C. Somerset. This is equally without foundation.

LONDON, June 7.

It is reported that Lord Plunket becomes, for the present, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, Lord Norbury retiring, or rather being torn, from the judicial seat. It would, perhaps, be easier to satisfy Lord Plunket's estimate of his own merits, than the sense entertained of them by his friends and country; but his Lordship is not that sort of reputation which stands in need of a contrast with Lord Norbury's, before he can be ripened into a popular successor to Lord Mansfield.—*ib.*

We have papers to the 8th, by the Cortes.

M. Onis, formerly Minister of Spain to the United States, and Ambassador of Naples under the Constitutional government, has died at Madrid.

The British frigate Cambridge had arrived at Portsmouth from Lima and Rio Janeiro, with £160,000 sterling in dollars.

The House of Lords passed the bill to annul the marriage of Miss Turner and E. G. Wakefield, and it passed a first reading in the House of Commons on the 6th.

Letters from Paris state the Duke San Carlos had been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France, instead of being appointed Prime Minister of Spain.—It is added, that such is the state of public feeling in Barcelona, that there is every reason to believe that the province will shortly be in a state of revolt.

Mr. Canning made his maiden speech as Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 1st June, in opening the Budget. The principal point of this speech is, that after twelve years of peace, the revenue falls short of the expenditure £200,000, (\$9,000,000). The deficiency this year is to be supplied by a loan on Exchequer bills. Mr. C. looks to the South American market for extrication from the existing difficulties.

The receipts, estimated after 1826, amount to £54,600,000. The expenditure, exclusive of Sinking Fund, £51,700,000, but including it, £57,474,000.

CAPTAIN PARRY.—Letters have been received at the Admiralty, announcing the arrival of the Hero, on the 19th April, at Hammerfest, in Norwegian Lapland, after a passage of 15 days. The reindeer for tracking the boats to a certain distance over the ice were expected down from Allen in a few days, when Capt PARRY would proceed direct to the nothermost part of Spitzbergen, where he hoped to arrive about the middle of May.

The affairs of Turkey are evidently about to become a leading interest in Europe. The accounts from Vienna, mention that great civility prevails there in the Department of Foreign Affairs, and that it is understood that the proposals made by England and Russia to the Porte, relative to Greece, are about to be enforced by the great European powers.

The Pope has confirmed the appointment of one Bishop in Brazil, and six in Colombia. This may be considered a recognition of the new American Government, by the Apostolic See.

A rebellion in Western Tartary has given the Chinese Emperor considerable alarm. The leader of the rebels is represented as a Mahomedan, the head of the descendants of a former rebel. The seat of the rebellion is in long, 78, E. lat. 46, N. and the territory surrounding. Twenty thousand men have been ordered to advance from the north west provinces of China. Absolute power has been given to the commander of the army, who ten years ago was governor of Canton. Parlon is offered to the rebels who submit.

There were rumors in circulation at Odessa, on the 3th of May, that Lord Cochran had struck a great blow.

They were from accounts from Constantinople, giving neither time, place nor circumstance; and are therefore of a suspicious character.

PORTUGAL.—It is stated in some of the English papers, that a negotiation had been going on for the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, and of Portugal by the British, but was broken off by the refusal of the French to quit Spain. This must lead to the augmentation of the British troops in Portugal, or the fate of that kingdom must be left to the decision of the French and Spanish armies. All the late accounts seem to agree in representing the affairs of Portugal in a melancholy light.

JOHN'S ENQUIRER.

MANUFACTURES IN EGYPT.—From a Foreign Merchant, who was lately in this city, some interesting information was received respecting the present state of the Pacha of Egypt. From his account, it appears that the Pacha, in addition to being a cotton grower in a large scale, carries on business as a manufacturer to

a great extent. He has at present in Alexandria and the neighborhood not less than 18,000 weavers engaged in the manufacture of ticks and other coarse cotton goods. They are natives of the country, and are in an equally degraded condition as the rest of their countrymen. They weave the goods in houses belonging to the Pacha, and are tasked to the production of a certain quantity of cloth daily. As a recompence they receive subsistence, clothing, and lodging, but nothing more. For the sale of his goods the Pacha has agents at several towns in Sicily, and at Leghorn and Florence, to which places they are sent, and from whence they find their way over the greater part of the Continent! For the purpose of this trade he had lately a vessel built at Leghorn, which is said to have cost upwards of 130,000 dollars.—*Glasgow Paper.*

DOMESTIC.

FIRE!—On Friday night last, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, the dwelling house of Mr. Nathaniel Roberts, in this place, was consumed by fire, together with part of his furniture, which it was impossible to save, the fire having made such progress before it was discovered. This loss will fall heavily on Mr. Roberts, who has once and again been called within a short time, to bear up under misfortunes by sickness, and who is now, as it were in a moment, bereft of what little he had collected together by his hard earnings. Mr. Roberts is an industrious mechanic, and we hope the hand of charity will be extended towards him.—We cannot let the subject pass by without making honorable mention of the ladies, who generally volunteered their services on this occasion, and, by their patriotic exertions, together with the good management of our Fire wards and citizens, the fire was probably arrested on the spot where it commenced, as the engine was of but little use, in consequence of the hose being out of repair.—*Lincoln Int.*

AUGUSTA, (Geo.) July 2.

FIRE!—This city was aroused from its peaceful slumbers this morning, about 2 o'clock, by the terrific cry of fire.—The devouring element had made such progress, when first discovered, as to set human exertions at defiance. It commenced in that large wooden building on Broad-street, known as the Globe Tavern, and extended East and West, consuming 17 houses. It reached, westwardly, to the next cross-street, eastwardly, was stopped only by the large new brick building, lately erected by Mr. Bowdre. All the houses between these two points, from Broad-street back to Ellis-street, now lie in smoking ruins. The principal owners of the real estate destroyed, are Gen. W. W. Montgomery and Mr. Angus Martin. All the Merchants and Shopkeepers suffered more or less; but we are informed that the principal part of both houses and goods was insured.—This is said to be the largest fire which has ever been in Augusta, and it is a subject of grateful congratulation that no lives have been lost. [A gentleman from Augusta informs that the loss is estimated at about \$50,000 and that \$46,300 of this amount are insured in N. York and elsewhere.]

LIGHTNING.—On Wednesday night there was a heavy thunder storm in this vicinity. In Belgrade the lightning struck the house of Mr. Elisha Knowles, jr. passed down the rafters on both sides, three or four of which were completely shattered and thrown in every direction; the end of the house was forced out so as to stand entirely separate from the other part of the building. The lightning set the building on fire in two places, which, however, was soon extinguished, and it passed thro' the chamber floor into the room below, where it destroyed several articles. A boy about 15 years old slept in the chamber, and his head was within three feet of one of the rafters that was rent into splinters; yet he was not in the least injured.—*Kennebec Journal.*

PROVIDENCE, July 14.

METEOR.—As the New-York packet sloop Eliza Ann, commanded by Captain William Potter, was proceeding down Long Island Sound, a week since, about 12 o'clock at night, a meteor quietly seated itself upon the truck of the mast, where it remained several hours; but when the day dawned, took its departure. It was a very convenient light.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt. July 10.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On the 4th inst. a party of young men from this village engaged in a hunting excursion, and on their return stopped at the house of a Mr. Piper, at the South part of the town, where several discharged their pieces. One of their number, by the name of Smalley, holding his gun behind him, (being half bent) it was accidentally discharged in the direction of a young lady, a daughter of Mr. Piper, standing at about a distance of three rods from the muzzle. About thirty rods penetrated her face neck and breast. Some hopes are entertained of her recovery.

[From the Selenctudy Cabinet, July 11.]

DEATH OF STEERS.—I was in error last week in giving the result of the jury of inquiry into the body of Steers; the request was—Steers instantly died in con-

sequence of the cruel beating and kicking he received from the Van Allens, and that the two Van Allens did feloniously kill Steers. Peter Van Allen has not yet been taken. The Mayor of this city has offered a reward of one hundred dollars for his apprehension, and thus describes him—he is about 25 years old, near six feet high, stout and well built. He has lost the sight of one of his eyes, said to be his left eye, above which there appears a scar; some of his front teeth, both above and below are out; brown hair, and sun burnt complexion.

GLOUCESTER, (Mass.) July 14. Extract of a letter, received by a gentleman in this town from a friend of his, dated Georgetown, S. C.—"A few days ago, I saw pass my house, a man far advanced in years, small and diminutive in stature, with hair as white as snow; and whose appearance altogether indicated the last extremity of old age. On inquiring who it was? I was informed that it was Col. Burr."

REMEDY FOR THE HYDROPHOBIA.—Hydriodide (liquor oxygenated muriatic acid) used internally as well as externally. The wounds caused by the bite of mad animals are to be washed with it. This substance will destroy the hydrophobic poison, even when used several days after the fatal bite. Numerous cures incontestable and authentic, have been effected by this extremely simple method, in the great hospitals in Lombardy, leave no doubt as to the power of the specific.

With respect to the internal application in the strong acid and alluded to in the recipe, medical gentlemen from their knowledge and experience, are the best judges how much it may be necessary to neutralize or reduce its strength with alkali, without injuring the bowels.

Baltimore American.

BLACKBERRY SIRUP.—The present being not only a seasonable time to prepare this valuable medicine, but to recommend its usefulness, particularly among children afflicted with bowel complaints—a feeling mother offers the following recipe for public benefit. Take the fruit before very ripe, extract the juice, and to each quart add one pound of white sugar, skim and boil it about half an hour, when cool enough to bottle add a small tea cup full of brandy. From one to four table spoons full, may be taken frequently, as age and circumstances require.

The Committee appointed at a meeting of citizens of Boston and the vicinity to receive contributions for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of Greece, and to apply the funds intrusted to their charge in such manner as in their judgment would best effect the benevolent purpose of the contributors, deem it proper to make the following statement of their proceedings, for the information of those who have taken an interest in this object.

The committee have received from various individuals and societies in this State and the neighboring States, in money, the sum of \$14,669 34 besides various articles of provisions, cloth and clothing, valued at \$1070 65. These funds have enabled them to load the brig Statesman, Daniel Bray, jr. master, with provisions to the amount of about 2700 barrels, consisting of kiln dried corn meal; fine, middlings, and rye flour; bread; crackers; rice; beans; peas; and beef; and 7736 yards of cotton shirtings, besides sundry articles of a smaller amount. They have paid the freight of the vessel to her port or ports of discharge in Greece, insurance on the cargo and freight, and all the expenses. They have intrusted the care and distribution of these supplies, under such instructions as they thought would be in accordance with the views of the contributors, to Dr. John D. Russ, who has for this purpose gone out in the vessel to Greece, and to Dr. Howe and Mr. Miller, who are already in that country. From them they expect to receive a report of their proceedings, when they shall have executed the trust confided to them; and the committee feel much satisfaction in having been enabled to place these supplies in the hands of gentlemen so fully entitled to confidence, from their known character and intelligence, and their devotedness to the cause of Greece. The Statesman sailed from this port on the 23th of June.

The Committee take this opportunity of expressing their sense of the liberal spirit of genuine christian charity, on the part of the contributors to this fund, which has enabled them to send from this port so valuable a donation to the suffering Greeks. In thus uniting our offerings with those of other parts of the Union, and almost every part of the Christian world, we have reason to hope that our efforts may be not entirely without effect in mitigating the calamities, and prolonging the existence of an oppressed people. It is the duty of the Committee to acknowledge the general disposition of the donors from whom purchases have been made to promote the charitable object, by the favorable terms on which they have offered their supplies. In the same liberal spirit the proprietors of Central wharf permitted the loading of the vessel free of wharfage and dockage, and the truckmen conveyed the whole cargo to the place of loading free of truckage.

HENDERSON INCHES

THE OBS

NORWAY, THURSDAY

PRESIDENTIAL.—If we have the prospect that Gen. in gaining a single vote his state at the next election more frequently and with that result. But it is impossible that his party be drilled, organized, directed, as to form when called a respectable minority may be deceived. We that we have many more are not fully satisfied with administration, or its means rejoice to see a change but we have not yet support for General H. public Journals have cause. Some of them (personally) have been articles from other papers none of them have said, predicting that none of the in desiring the office of is qualified for it. New-veloping within a few calculated to lessen his esteem, even at his own stance, his living severity with the wife, his cruelty in ordering to be shot, &c., &c. It may be said that thing to do with his Presidency—he it so. not speak volumes to of this prominent office in the gift of the one President, might effect upon the morals of Gen. Jackson is to be just and honored for it, why life? It might lead, lead to deplorable consequences, endeavor to search for a taintments in Gen. Jackson believed a President ought to possess—our unsuccessful, and were who feel friendly to his fice, (if there are any with this paper,) to point us has exhibited to the ents as a civilian, a sturdy as a military officer ly fortunate, and we in of this nation would miss him all the gratitude, which his skillful & ar justly entitle him. Bul-ary renown, and who for President?

His course of life and been such, as would qualify him for the office an aversion to civil p invariably refused to Cabinet? And why did the United States? Some questions which we at-coming to the felt conscious of his country in these situations high expectations with concerning him, and of his military fame. every office that is character as a statesman and consequently dis-He letter to Mr. Bever in another part of this plaining of intrigue at Clay and his friends, a his friends may be the mark. We hope it will ure of facts on all sides as to the event.—For ly observe, that it nev a candidate for office, cate in favor of his own

SENATORIAL.—We MARK DENNETT, Mod EMERY Esquires ar Saco Palladium, as can- tion to the Senate of County; the Hon. DANIEL GOODNOW EMERY are also in n to the present nation the political sincerity however, seems to tioned, in the Court public meeting, hold voted to strike his candidates and insert SMITH Esq. In the EDWIN SMITH, JOSE KAVANAUGH, and W Esquires are nomina Lincoln County.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN HOLMES, is now for Congress, from N ply the place of the "least deceased. The present, an indi a public meeting in confirm it, or agree person. This elec the annual meeting

In the present might in imitation tors, endeavor to mcy by long "point on Andagmation. We might descend ders in Council, and occasionally touching Convention, taking the whole to hear National Admini aware of no good such a course. If Division, which in fo this Republic, have God forbid that we if there be a tenden union, we as Editor counteract it. Sens brethren appear to we apprehend that have much more to than from union. a state of things, e

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1827.

PRESIDENTIAL.—If we felt any alarm at the prospect that Gen. Jackson will succeed in gaining a single vote for President from his state at the next election, we should be inclined to exert our influence, feeble as it is, more frequently and with more zeal against that result. But it has always seemed to us impossible that his party in Maine should be so drilled, organized, disciplined and increased, as to form when called into action, even a respectable minority. In this opinion we may be deceived. We are not insensible that we have many respectable men, who are not fully satisfied with the present Administration, or its measures, and who would rejoice to see a change in the Presidency; but we have not yet discovered any hearty support for General Jackson. None of our public Journals have openly espoused his cause. Some of them, (not excepting the *Jeffersonian*), have been very kind in copying articles from other papers, in his favor; but none of them have said, and we venture to predict, that none of them will say, that he is deserting the office of President, or that he is deserting within a few months, which are calculated to lessen him very much in the esteem, even of his warm friends. For instance, his living several years in a state of adultery with the wife of one Mr. Roberts, his cruelty in ordering the six militia men to be shot, &c.

It may be said that these things have nothing to do with his qualifications for the Presidency. Be it so. But let us ask do they not speak volumes as to the character and principles of this prominent candidate for the first office in the gift of the nation? To elect such an one President, might have a very serious effect upon the morals of the community. If Gen. Jackson is to be justified in such conduct and honored for it, why not the man in humble life? It might lead, nay, it probably would lead to deplorable consequences. We have endeavored to search candidly for those high attainments in Gen. Jackson, which we have believed a President of the United States ought to possess—our search has been unsuccessful, and we respectfully invite those who feel friendly to his election to that office, (if there are any within the circulation of this paper), to point us to the evidence which he has exhibited to the world of superior talents as a citizen, a statesman, or a scholar.

It is a military officer, he has been highly fortunate, and we in common with the rest of this nation would most cheerfully bestow on him all the gratitude, honor, and praise, to which his skillful & arduous military services justly entitle him. But strip him of his military renown, and who would think of Jackson for President?

His course of life and employment have not been such, as would naturally prepare and qualify him for the office. He seems to have an aversion to civil pursuits. Why has he invariably refused to accept a place in the Cabinet? And why did he resign his seat in the United States Senate? These are serious questions which we are unable to answer, without coming to the conclusion, that he felt conscious of his inability to serve his country in these situations, so as to meet the high expectations which have been raised concerning him, and which have grown out of his military fame. He cautiously avoids every office that is calculated to bring his character as a statesman, before the public, and consequently diminish his popularity. His letter to Mr. Beverly, (which we publish in another part of this day's paper), complaining of intrigue and corruption in Mr. Clay and his friends, and in Mr. Adams and his friends, may be the subject of future remark. We hope it will lead to a full disclosure of facts on all sides, and we have no fears as to the event. For the present we will only observe, that it never looked well to us, in a candidate for office, to volunteer as an advocate in favor of his own election.

SENATORIAL.—We observe that Hon. MARK DENNETT, MOSES SWIFT and ISAAC EMERY Esquires are nominated in the *Saco Palladium*, as candidates for re-election to the Senate of Maine from York County; the Hon. GEORGE SCAMMON, DANIEL GOODNOW Esq. and Doct. CALER EMERY are also in nomination as friends to the present national administration; the political sincerity of Mr. GOODNOW, however, seems to be very much questioned, in the County of York; and a public meeting, holden in *Limerick*, have voted to strike his name from the list of candidates and insert that of GABRIEL E. SMITH Esq. In the *Lincoln Intelligencer*, EDWIN SMITH, JOEL MILLER, EDWARD KAVANAGH, and WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esquires are nominated as Senators from Lincoln County.

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.—Hon. JOHN HOLMES, is nominated as Candidate for Congress, from York district, to supply the place of the Hon. WILLIAM BURLEIGH deceased. The nomination is, for the present, an individual one merely. A public meeting in Alfred will, this day, confirm it, or agree upon some other person. This election takes place at the annual meeting in September next.

In the present dearth of news, we might in imitation of neighboring Editors, endeavor to make up the deficiency by long "point no point" essays upon *Anaësthesia*, *Federalism* &c. &c. We might descend upon the British orders in Council, and French decrees, occasionally touching upon the *Harford Convention*, taking special care to bring the whole to bear against the present *National Administration*;—but we are aware of no good that can result from such a course. If the causes of party division, which in former years agitated this Republic, have ceased to operate, God forbid that we should revive them; if there be a tendency in the people to union, we as Editors, will do nothing to counteract it. Sensitive as some of our brethren appear to be on this subject, we apprehend that the United States have much more to fear from division, than from union. We can conceive of a state of things, even in this favored

land, which will require the united efforts of all the patriotic and good citizens of our Country in favor of our Republican institutions.

The Hon. George Sullivan of Exeter, and Hon. Ichabod Bartlett of Portsmouth, have been appointed by the Executive of New-Hampshire, Commissioners to renew the line between that State and Maine.—The Commissioners on the part of Maine are the Hon. John Holmes of Alfred, and Rufus McIntire Esq. of Parsonsfield.

HARRISBURG CONVENTION.—A meeting was held at Hallowell pursuant to public notice, on Thursday last week, for the purpose of choosing delegates to represent this State in this Convention, which is to be holden at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, on the 30th instant. The delegates from this State are, Hon. John Holmes, of York, William Ladd, Esq. of Cumberland, General Josiah Wingate, of Kennebec, Brice McLellan, Esq. of Somerset, and Gen. Jedediah Herrick, of Penobscot.—The following gentlemen have also been chosen delegates, viz.:

New Hampshire.—Samuel Beil, Ichabod Bartlett, Ezekiel Webster, J. Smith, and A. Freeman.

Massachusetts.—Bezaleel Taft, Joseph E. Sprague, James Shepherd, Abbot Lawrence, Jonas B. Brown, Samuel B. Colt, and Edward Everett.

Rhode Island.—Ashur Robbins, Jeffrey Hazard, David Wilkinson, John Far-num, and James Rhodes.

Connecticut.—James McClellan, Thomas S. Perkins, and J. A. Taintor.

Vermont.—William Jarvis, Rollin C. Mallary, Elijah Paine, William Hall, and Heman Allen.

New York.—Meeting on Monday last.

New Jersey.—Meeting on Saturday last.

Pennsylvania.—John Tod, Charles J. Ingersoll, Matthew Cary, Charles Huston, Walter Forward, Joseph Patterson, Jonathan Roberts, Joseph Ritner, James Todd, William Clark, David Townsend, Samuel Baird, William P. Maclay, Alexander Reed, Daniel Montgomery, and George Dennison.

Delaware.—Henry M. Ridgely, Lewis Mac Lane, E. J. Dupont, James Conby, James R. Black, A. Naudain, William Young, and Caleb Kirk.

Maryland.—Hezekiah Niles, James Sykes, Edward Gray, William Meeteer, and John Patterson.

* Mr. Mac Lane declined, being reluctant to commit himself on subjects on which he may be called to act in the United States senate, and being opposed to the wool and woollens bill.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

FROM THE FLOWER GARDEN,
July 14, 1827.

A meeting was this day holden in the above garden, agreeably to previous notice; and was attended by all the herbs and flowers therein, which are not a few, of the owner's daughters being both a florist and botanist. Delegates attended from all the gardens, meads, and vales, for many miles around. The assembly was brilliant beyond description; and in point of respectability, beauty, elegance of dress, and sweetness of perfume, has not been equalled for many years.

The meeting being called to order, William Sweet William, Esq. was chosen Moderator, Miss Pink, a beautiful young creature in her teens, Recording Secretary, and Miss Rose Corresponding do.—Reports from the different gardens were read by their respective delegates, which reflect a high degree of credit on the ladies, under whose care and management, most of them have been brought to a very flourishing state. A few have been, through neglect, arising from carelessness, want of industry, and of taste, allowed to be overrun by weeds; and are now on the high road to ruin: And, unless timely aid be rendered them in the shape of cultivation, they will not be able to pay the expenses of delegates to the next annual meeting. It was then voted unanimously, "that the thanks of this meeting are due, and are hereby given, to the ladies, superintendents of the former; and that a remonstrance be transmitted to those of the latter gardens."—The reports from the meadows were very favorable up to the commencement of the haying season; when a furious attack was made upon them by the scythe, not of time, but of the mowers.—A vote of censure upon this class of gentlemen was passed *con. con.*

The delegate from a certain garden in the town of B. then rose and addressed the Moderator as follows:

Mr. Moderator—I stand here as the representative of a family, of whose antiquity I need not remind you; you are well aware that it is coeval with creation itself—that we have ever been hold in esteem by all other flowers is well known; and that we are still highly respected, is plainly indicated by the silent and respectful attention with which this numerous and respectable assembly seems prepared to hear me. We have also been much esteemed and admired by the human race, to whose pleasure and profit we have contributed not a little—we have regulated the senses, gladdened the heart, and elevated and refined its sentiments—we have been of particular service to the fair part of this species, in the shape of Otto, Oil, Essence, Water, &c. and they in return have tended us with the most unceasing assiduity—the apothecary has found us a source of profit; and the moralist and poet have long used us as able instruments to please and benefit mankind—but by the last mentioned class we have been sadly abused—one, for instance, sends a wayward girl into a garden to rob our society of one of its members, which having taken *et. et. armis*, she gives it to her more wayward and inconsistent sister, who acknowledges that, while it seemed

"To weep with regret for the buds it had left
On the flourishing bush where it grew,"—And, although it was, she said, "it is for a nosegay, so dripping and drooping," yet cruelly shook it, "too rudely alas!" then "sunt it—It fell to the ground!"—She moralizes well upon it, "tis true; but it is peculiarly hard upon us, Mr. Moderator, and mankind must be very weak, and very wicked, if they can-

not mend the morals of their own species with murdering ours. Two more instances only of maltreatment shall I mention at this time.—In the vicinity of the garden, which I have the honor to represent, live two gentlemen, who have, for some time, been afflicted with a disease which the literate call the *cacotheca scribendi*; each anxious to be distinguished as the poet laureate of the village. (Here the speaker produced two numbers of the *Oxford Observer*.) In the first of these, Sir, I find that one of these gentlemen, whose rising was simultaneous with that of the sun, saw a bush that "was just opening a rose to our view"—there must have been some person with him—a lady perhaps. Now I would wish this man of verse to understand that the bush has no agency in opening the rose; the rose itself opens by an operation of nature, with which he is unacquainted; the bush being a body, composed of roots, trunk, and branches, which serve to convey nutriment from the earth to the flower. He accuses the bud of reluctance in parting with what he calls "its prize;" and in the next line endeavors to expiate the falsity of the charge, by telling us that it "was just yielding it up with delight." He further proceeds to atone for his fault, by praising the loveliness of its hue, and was exclaiming it above all that "grew by its side;" but unluckily for his grammatical credit, and the credit of the unfortunate rose, he asserts that

"—it could not be rival'd by few,"

by which I understand that it could be rivalled by many. He was peculiarly unfortunate in saying "the wind whistled gently," and at the same time, representing it as speaking "in whispers" to the flower; for when the wind whistles, it neither whispers nor blows gently.—He calls it "Love's emblem;" very much as if he was himself of very politically in love at the same time. He should rather have called it the emblem of untainted purity, unsullied beauty, and unspotted innocence. But where our bard errs most, and gives "the most unkindest cut of all," is where he says that,

"—e'er the sun had sank down in the west,"

"—It leaves were all strew'd on the ground."

Whoever heard of a rose budding, blooming, and scattering its "blissing honors" on the ground in one day.—This is libellous, Mr. Moderator; it is not to be born—we are not a race of ephemerals—we are not born of the froth of a stream, to receive life at the rising of the sun, and resign it at the going down thereof. But he, forsooth, must be in imagination, if not in reality, destroy a member of our society, in order to tell mankind what they all know from observation, viz. "the shortness of life."

The other candidate for poetic fame has probably found it convenient to fall in love with some fair damsel, whom he calls Eliza; and whom in order to propitiate her favor, he compares to a "rose bud;" "whose beauties declare when expanded shall be," shall be what? Here Eliza's eulogist has left us the adoption of a very natural conclusion, viz. that this rose-bud, if not blighted by some insect, nor plucked untimely by some mischievous urchin, will, in due time, be a full-blown rose; yet he himself tells us not what it shall be.

Moreover, Sir, I am bold to say that the line I have just read is sheer nonsense. The word "who's," as I have it here, is a contraction of *who is*; (and who cannot have an inanimate antecedent); who being the subject of the verb *is*; and "beauties" the nominative case after it, which arrangement gives no meaning; the verb *declare* is left wholly destitute of a nominative case. The verb *shall be*, has no subject or nominative case in the whole sentence. Perhaps the bard of the rosebud thought that, as the verb was in the future tense, there was no necessity for a nominative case at present. But suppose he intended the word "who's," as written to be the possessive case of the relative *who*, viz. *whose*; "beauties" cannot be the subject of the verbs *declare* and *shall be*, as they are not of the same tense, nor connected by a conjunction either expressed or implied. Our bard then goes on to turn Eliza's brain, by telling her that the youth, who only sees her, shall be so happy, that he who shall possess her shall be only "thrice happier;" after which, in the plenitude of his anxiety for her safety, he wisely cautions "this bud of fair promise" to "be guarded by day, and guarded by night." But she should, "ne'er be a flower." If Eliza should consent to put herself under marital law, it is not improbable that he may volunteer his services to keep the night-watch himself.—Thus, Sir, have gentlemen, at various times, for the purpose of gratifying their own vanity, and that of the silly and thoughtless subdivisions of the fair part of their own species abused us in a manner, which precludes all idea of further forbearance on our part. I am instructed by my constituents, to declare that, entertaining a high degree of respect for the females of the human race, they cannot with composure see the amiable qualities of their mind overlooked; while would-be poets endeavor to flatter their vanity, by comparing their external beauty to that of roses—a beauty which, as external, they can never equal.—I am further directed to present to this meeting the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Editor of the *Oxford Observer* be requested to admit into his paper no poetical effusion, into which roses are either directly or indirectly introduced; unless grammatical and poetic justice be done to the subject.

Unanimously agreed to.—A committee was then appointed to consider a petition from the "Lily of the silent vale;" and report thereon within one month.

Voted, That the aforesaid Editor be, and he hereby is, requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

Adjourned sine die.

MISS ROSE, Cor. Sec.

LETTER

From Gen. Jackson to Mr. Beverly.

Hermitage, June 5, 1827.

DEAR SIR.—Your letter of the 15th ult. from Louisville, Ky. is just received, and in conformity with your request, address my answer to Wheeling, Va.

Your inquiries relative to the proposition of a bargain made through Mr. Clay's friends to some of mine, concerning the then pending Presidential election, were answered freely and frankly at the time; but without any calculation that they were to be thrown into the public Journals; but facts cannot be altered—and as your letters seem not to have been written for publication, I can assure you that having no concealment myself nor any dread arising from what I may have said on the occasion and subject alluded to, my feelings towards you are not the least changed.

I always intended, should Mr. Clay come out over his own name and deny having any knowledge of the communication, made by

his friend to my friends and me, that I would give him the name of the gentleman through whom that communication came. I have not seen your letter, alluded to as having been published in the *Telegraph*; although that paper, as I am informed, is regularly mailed for me at Washington, still I receive it irregularly, and that containing your letter has not come to hand, of course I cannot say whether your statement is substantially correct or not.—I will repeat, however, again the occurrence, and to which my reply to you must have conformed, and from which, if there has been any variation, you can correct it. It is this.

Early in January, 1825, a member of Congress of high respectability visited me one morning, and observed that he had a communication he was desirous of making to me—that he was informed there was a great intrigue going on; and that it was right I should be informed of it—that he came as a friend—and let me receive the communication as he might, the friendly motives through which it was made he hoped would prevent any change of friendship of feeling with regard to him. To which I replied, from his high standing as a gentleman, and member of Congress, and from his uniform, friendly and gentlemanly conduct towards myself, I could not suppose he would make any communication to me which he supposed was improper.

Therefore, his motives being pure, let me think as I might of the communication, my feelings towards him would remain unchanged. The gentleman proceeded. He said he had been informed, by the friends of Mr. Clay, that the friends of Mr. Adams had made overtures to them, saying, if Mr. Clay and his friends would unite in aid of the election of Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay should be Secretary of State. That the friends of Mr. Adams were urging, as a reason to induce the friends of Mr. Clay to accede to their proposition, that if I was elected President, Mr. Adams would be continued Secretary of State: (inundo: there would be no room for Kentucky.) That the friends of Mr. Clay stated, the West did not wish to separate from the West; and if I would say, or permit any of my confidential friends to say that in case I was elected President Mr. Adams should not be continued Secretary of State, by a complete union of Mr. Clay and his friends, they would put an end to the Presidential contest in one hour. And he was of opinion it was right to fight such intrigues with their own weapons. To which in substance, I replied—that in politics, as in every thing else, my guide was principle; and contrary to the expressed and unbiassed will of the people, or their constituted agents, I never would step into the Presidential chair, and requested him to say to Mr. Clay and his friends, (for I did suppose he had come from Mr. Clay, although he used the term Mr. Clay's friends) that before I would reach the Presidential chair by such means of bargain and corruption, I would see the earth open and swallow both Mr. Clay and his friends, and myself with them. If they had not confidence in me to believe, if I was elected, that I would call to my aid in the cabinet, men of the first virtue, talent and integrity, not to vote for me. The second day after communication and reply, it was announced in the newspapers that Mr. Clay had come out openly and avowedly in favor of Mr. Adams.

It may be proper to observe that in the supposition that Mr. Clay was privy to the proposition stated, I may have done injustice to him; if so, the gentleman informing me can explain.

I am very respectfully,
your most obedient servant,
ANDREW JACKSON.

Mr. Carter Beverly.

JUST received and sale for at the Oxford Bookstore, the

BOOKS ORACLE;
containing receipts for plain cookery on the most economical plan for private families; also, the art of composing the most simple and most highly finished, Broths, Gravies, Soups, Sauces, Store Sauces, and Flavoring Essences: Pastry, Preserves, Puddings, &c. and an easy, certain, and economical process for preparing Pickles, by which they will be ready in a fortnight, and remain good for years. The quantity of each article is accurately stated by weight and measure; the whole being the result of actual experiments instituted in the kitchen of a Physician.

—ALSO—

THE POWER OF FAITH:
Exemplified in the Life and Writings of MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM, of New-York, fourth edition.

—ALSO—

HUMAN PRUDENCE:

or the Art by which a man & woman may be advanced to fortune, to permanent honor, and real grandeur, adapted to the genius of the citizens, and designed for the use of schools in the United States. First American, from the eighth London Edition, with many corrections, translations, and additions.

—LIFEWISE—

The mysteries of Popery unveiled, in the unparalleled sufferings of John Coustos, at the Inquisition of Lisbon; to which is added, the origin of the Inquisition and its establishment in various Countries; and the Master Key to Popery.

—ALSO—

GULLIVER REVIVED:

Containing singular Travels, Campaigns, Voyages, and Adventures in Russia, Iceland, Turkey, Egypt, Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Ocean and the United States of America. Also, an account of a voyage to the moon, with many extraordinary Particulars relative to the Cooking Animals in that Planet, which are here called the Human Species. By Baron Munchausen.

—ALSO—

The life of JOHN ENGELBRECHT; containing an account of his sufferings by reason of faithfulness to the trust committed to him by his Lord and Master; His extraordinary call in the ministry; and wonderful visions; together with some sentences out of his writings.

—ALSO—

A MATHEMATICAL QUESTION,

Propounded by the Vicerger of the world; answered by the King of Glory: enigmatically represented, and demonstratively opened.

July 26.

REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.

The surviving officers of the revolutionary army of the States of Massachusetts and of Maine, are respectfully requested to forward, by letter, post paid, or otherwise, under sealed covers; their rank in 1780 or at the close of the war, place of residence, and their ages, and also the widows of deceased officers, and address the same to the subscriber, in Boston, on or before the first of August.

ALDEN BRADFORD.

Boston, July 4th, 1827.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE...Sweden.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following Lots of Land in the town of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, that they are taxed in the bills, committed to me the subscriber, to collect for the year A. D. 1826, as follows, viz.:

State, County, and Town Tax.	No. Lots.	No. Districts.	No. Acres.	Value.	Total Tax.
Owners unknown	126	3	100	150	45
	102	2	100	200	60
	34	2	30	40	12
	9	2	100	170	53
	16	5	100	100	30
	7	5	100	300	90
	23	2	100	400	120
	9	5	100	100	30
A Gore adjoining Lovell & Fryeburg.	108	3	100	250	75
Town Tax in addition A. D. 1826.				50	30
	126	3	100	150	19
	102	2	100	200	25
	34	2	30	40	5
	9	2	100	170	22
	16	5	100	100	13
	7	5	100	300	38
	23	2	100	400	50
	9	5	100	100	13
A Gore adjoining Lovell.	108	3	100	250	32
Delinquent Highway Tax for A. D. 1825.				50	10
	14	2	70	140	138
	34	2	30	40	39
	2	5	100	600	594
	3	5	100	300	297
	4	5	100	300	297
	16	5	100	100	99
	11	5	100	100	99
	78	2	60	180	179
	23	2	100	400	396
	9	5	100	100	99
Capt. John Wood, Lovell.	43	2	100	100	30
	48	2	100	300	90
	77	2	100	100	30
	17	5	100	100	35
	22	5	100	100	15
	133	2	100	150	45
	134	2	100	150	45
	85	3	100	100	30
	86	3	100	150	45
	101	3	50	75	22
	96 & 107	3	40	116	35
	10	5	100	100	30
	15	5	100	150	45
	13	5	100	100	30
	21	5	100	100	45
	19	5	100	50	15
	34	5	100	100	30
	33	5	100	150	45
	18	5	100	150	45
	23	5	100	150	45
John Wood, Town Tax, addition 1826.					
	43	2	100	100	13
	48	2	100	300	38
	77	2	100	100	13
	17	5	100	100	13
	22	5	100	50	6
	133	2	100	150	19
	134	2	100	150	19
	85	3	100	100	13
	86	3	100	150	19
	101	3	50	75	9
	96 & 107	3	40	116	15
	10	5	100	100	13
	15	5	100	150	19
	13	5	100	100	13
	21	5	100	150	19
	19	5	100	50	6
	23	5	100	150	19
	34	5	100	100	13
	33	5	100	150	19
	18	5	100	150	19
	23	5	100	150	19
	110	3	100	395	50

And unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the third day of November next, so much of said Land will be sold at public Auction on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Schoolhouse No. one, in Sweden, as will discharge the same.

JAMES MESERVE, Collector.

Poetry.

Mr. Editor,—I was not born the favored son of Shakespeare, nor any other poet of celebrity; consequently do not understand the laws of versification; therefore you will not scan my composition: but perhaps it might afford a subject for some of those Herculean sons of Homer, or some other poet, which from time to time appear in your columns; I would therefore humbly request its insertion.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ROCKMEER-POINT.

Lo! where old Scoggin's majestic waters Roll, slow murmuring, like a fearful Serpent, his crooked course he winds, down To the kindred tomb. Here nature sketched Her fairest plan, and here her brightest Beauties spread; here she streaked the pleasing vale, And around it the mountains like tall bulwarks Drew. Here nature's graces pleased the savage Eye; here the forest lords assembled from the Gloomy woods, and Rockmeeko's standard Waving high, bade stern defiance to the Neighboring tribes; here oft the war-dance shook The trembling earth, and oft the war-whoop pierced The clouds; here oft the weary huntsman in his Wigwam shelter, reposed his toil-spent limbs; And oft th' imagined Great Spirit of The forest, received commingled invocations. Here many a savage sealed his eyes In death; and reposes in the bosom Of the peaceful earth. Say where is He who was once the scourge of New-England's Sons, whose iron grasp and vengeance fierce, Slumbering innocence and a nation's Tears could not evade. Say has he gone to His imagined heaven; that happy Shore, where he trusts no huntsman toils in vain. But feast continual on the rich luxuries Of a most salubrious climate: and there Perhaps "expects to find his dog, his bottle, And his wife." "Was it a day of witch and Wizard tales of slipshod ghosts with fins and scales." Then might many a forest son awake from The dormant slumbers of the grave, and with Frightful visage and awful mein, pace his Wanted haunts. But those days are past; many times Has the moon with her silver rays swept over the Dead; many times has the last rays of the setting Sun gleamed on the turf, that prest his Mouldering dust: but lo! the poor Indian Sleeps in sullen silence, on old Rockmeek-Point. And nought but his scattered utensils, And his unhalloved bones, tell where once He dwelt—where once he died—where he Mingles with his parent earth. If fair science Had unfolded her sacred treasures to His view, and taught him to tread her brilliant Footsteps, and directed safe his wandering course To the temple of immortal fame. Say! Would not his proud spirit have disdained the savage Life to live. Would not friendship and virtue Have circled round his generous heart, While from his brow bright beams of genius and of honor dart. Would not liberty's triumphant eagle on his standard wave, And many a well formed battle braved. ADOLESCENS.

Canlon, June, 1827.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO A *E.

I will not tell thee gentle A *e That fair thou as the lily art; But fairer still thou dost appear, With purity within thy heart. I will not say that on thy cheek, Is laid the tint of roses fair; But pensive, pleasing, modest smiles, And virgin innocence are there. I will not praise thy ruby lips, Nor for thy ringlets breathe a sigh; No angel thou, nor goddess art; Yet chastity beams in thine eye. Thy form is such as woman's is, Good sense and modesty are thine; But yet, all lovely as thou art, Thou never—never canst be mine. W. B.

Norway, July, 1827.

PROSPECT AT MOUNT IDA.

On the first of June, at sun-set, our party arrived at the warm springs of Bonarbashy, a little west of the Idean Mountains. From the columns and capitals of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, which continually presented themselves to our view, there is every reason to believe, that, on this spot, once stood a populous and magnificent city. After having recovered from the fatigue of the day's journey, I walked out alone, one or two miles, to see the ruins of an ancient temple. The night was indeed a splendid one—calculated to give warmth even to an oriental imagination. I had read of such nights in the glowing pages of Arabian literature, and in the inimitable descriptions of the bard of Avon; but I had thought that they existed only in the imagination of the poet, who

"gives to airy nothing, A local habitation and a name." The sky was cloudless, clear and "purely beautiful." The sun had long since set; but a faint streak of red yet glimmered along the western horizon. The full moon had arisen high in the heavens, on a rich blue ground. The sultry heat of the day was tempered with the cool sea-breeze of evening. Man had given his hands to repose, and had retired, himself, from his labors. No noise could be heard, save the rustling of leaves, the murmurings of the streamlet, the distant howlings of the jackal, and the screamings of the bird of night. At length I reached the ruins—and as

I stepped upon the doorstone, which, perhaps, for centuries before, had not been trodden by the footsteps of civilized man, my blood chilled within me. I came for observation, yet I hardly dared to look around. The owl, screaming and fluttering from her hidden crevices—the glimmering light of the moon, casting shadows from the broken columns and walls—my imagination magnifying and distorting every object—the stillness of the hour—the loneliness of the spot—the majesty of the scene, a temple in ruins, almost overcame me. The cold sweat trickled down my forehead. I sat down upon a broken shaft, to recover from my agitated feelings; and, while leaning upon a pedestal, and reclining my head upon my hand, I sank into a profound sleep. And I dreamed a dream. Methought there appeared before me, a spirit, tall, pale, with the hoary locks of age waving about his neck, and with long and flowing white robes, as if just arisen from the tombs. I trembled not, for it looked upon me with a countenance full of mildness and benevolence; and in accents of tender regard thus addressed me.

"I know, O youth, thy generous views; I know thy fervent aspirations; I know the purpose for which thou hast come hither. I know that thou longest to examine the relics of ancient art—to trace out the monuments erected to ancient valor—to tread the battle-ground, immortalized by the poet's song—to see every spot which can kindle classic enthusiasm, holy zeal. I am the Spirit of departed ages. Rise then with me, and thine eyes shall be gratified." At that instant, I felt the ground giving way under me, and myself mounting aloft, led by my genius, through the air. The objects of this earth kept continually diminishing, and soon the ruins, whence I had arisen, were lost from my sight. I found myself going over mountain after mountain, each one higher than the last, until, at length, I reached one that overlooked all the rest. My genius, who had, hitherto, kept a profound silence, now exclaimed—"Here we are, on the summit of the highest of the Idean mountains, on the top of Gargarus itself. Let us stop. Cast now thine eyes around thee, and gratify thy sight." I looked around, and never—never can I forget the rich, the extensive, variegated prospect, which this vision afforded me. On the north and towards the east, the Euxine sea, the Propontis, the Hellespont, and the coast of Thrace, opened before me—towards the west, the various islands in the Aegean sea, together with Macedonia, Thessaly, Euboea, and even Attica—to the south, the islands of Lesbos and Chios, together with all the western part of Asia Minor. My eyes seemed now to have a supernatural penetration. My genius seemed to have imparted to me the keenness of his own sight, the comprehensiveness of his own view; objects which I knew to be at a vast distance, seemed to be within a small circuit, and could be discerned with perfect clearness. After I had, for some time, feasted on the scene around me, my genius took me by the hand and said, "Let me now, O youth, point out to thee the various spots, and cities, and countries, which thou hast hitherto known only in history and in song. The country to the south of us, extending all along the eastern shore of the Levant, has ever been celebrated for the richness of its verdure, the mildness of its air, the luxuriance of its soil. This large island, near us, to the south, is Lesbos; famed for having contributed wisdom to philosophy, and sweetness to verse; famed as the place where Theophrastus taught, and where Sappho swept the lyre. The island farther to the south is Chios. Opposite to this, on the main land, that city which you see appearing so prominent, is Smyrna, which the ancients styled 'the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia,' and which, at this day, is distinguished for its extensive commerce. For the sultan covers his harams and seraglios with its carpets—the monarchs of Europe crown their tables with its fruits—the superstitious Catholic perfumes his altars with its frankincense—the sluggish Chinese sits and chews and dozes upon its opium. The city which you see at the south of this, is Ephesus, where the footsteps of the classic traveller are arrested at the thought, that here the great temple of Diana once towered to the skies. But in vain have the industry and ingenuity of the moderns been exerted, to ascertain its ancient site. For not one stone is left upon another, to tell where stood one of the seven wonders of the world.

"Direct now thine eyes," continued my genius, "towards the north and east. Do you perceive at the entrance of that large inland sea, which is called the Euxine, a flourishing city?" "I see it," I replied. "That," said my genius, "is ancient Byzantium, now called Constantinople, from the Roman emperor, who, in the fourth century, transplanted thither, from the Tiber, the seat of empire, and carried with him, a great part of his Roman subjects. Romans did I say? not the Romans of my age,—of the age of the Scipios and the Catos,—but of the age when the nerve of the Roman arm was palsied; when the influence of the Roman name was but feebly felt. When the barbarians were pouring in upon the city from the west and from the north, when the luxuries

of the east and of the south were corrupting the virtues, and destroying the happiness of her citizens; when her splendor was departing from her; when the strength of her empire was shaken to its foundations. But soon these degenerated Romans gave way to the overwhelming power of the Turk, who now inhabits this city. What a change!—Not one trace can be discerned of Roman character or of Roman manners. The tomb of Constantine, which is still shown to the curious traveller, only tells us, that such a people once existed.—The spot where the temple of Minerva once stood, is now covered with the splendid mosque of St. Sophia. The dervish performs his dance, where the priests of Jupiter ministered at the sacrifices. Instead of choral psalms to Apollo, are heard readings from the koran, and prayers to Mahomet. This small village, which you see near us, opposite to the southern extremity of Chersonesus, is Abydos; where Xerxes crossed the Hellespont, with his millions, to invade the Grecian states. The little rise of ground, which you see, at a small distance, from the village, is where this infatuated man took a view of his immense army; and where he feelingly wept at the thought, that in a few short years the busy throng before him, would be mouldering in the grave. That large gulph which you observe, towards the north west, is the Strymonian gulph. The city at the head of it, is Philippi, celebrated as the burial place of Roman liberty; where the man, who had nobly dared to free his country from the chains of a tyrant, fell, and with him fell the Roman character. That city, on the other side of the gulph, is Olynthus, for which the Athenians contended so long with Philip; and which Demosthenes, by his Olynthian orations, has rendered interesting and memorable. The country which you see directly west of us, across the Aegean sea, is Thessaly.—That high mountain on the north part, is Olympus—the one south of that, is Ossa. Can you perceive," said my genius, "between these two mountains, a beautiful verdant lawn through which are running many small streams, overshadowed by weeping willows?" "I see it," I replied. "That," said my genius, "is the vale of Tempe the most beautiful, luxuriant, and romantic spot in Greece; and which the poets have celebrated as the seat of perpetual spring. The peninsula which you see, at some distance to the south of Thessaly, is Attica. This completes our circuit. Do you see, near the centre of the promontory, a high citadel built upon a steep and rugged rock?" "I do see it," I replied. "That," said my genius, "is the Acropolis of ancient Athens. Yes, that small collection of houses near the citadel, represents the splendor of a city, once the nurse of eloquence and philosophy, and the mother of the arts. Look back but a few centuries, and think what this city was. Think what it was in my age, in the age of Pericles.—Think of this city, then in the meridian of its strength and splendor: not only the capital of Attica, but the mistress of Greece. Think of the strength of its army, the greatness of its empire, the extent of its influence. Think of the Persians, whom it humbled;—of the nations that owned its power;—of the ultimate masters of the world, to whom it gave laws. Think too, of the perfection, which, in that age, oratory, the drama, and the arts attained. But now, how degraded! how fallen! Where are the walls of Themistocles, once famed for their strength? Where is the active, intelligent race of people that once inhabited within those walls, the countrymen of Aristides, and Cimon, and Pericles? Where are the theatres and temples, that once adorned the city?—Where is the academy, which resounded with the sublime philosophy of Plato? Where are the halls and porticos, and groves, and gardens, where Socrates brought down philosophy from heaven to man? Where is the forum, in which Demosthenes warned his countrymen that war was abroad? Where is the theatre, in which the deep tragedies of Euripides melted an audience to tears? Where is the living canvass of Zeuxis? Where the speaking marble of Phidias? Alas! they are gone. With one solitary exception, the ruthless hand of the barbarian hath torn away every relic of genius, every monument of art, which time had spared. But the Parthenon still stands, a noble monument of the munificence of Pericles and the skill of Phidias. Reflect then, O youth, upon the wrecks of time;—upon the revolutions of the world. Interrogate the ruins of what once was splendid;—the falling and fallen monuments of antiquity. The instructions which they impart, will be profitable to thee. They speak in a language not to be misunderstood. They tell thee of the worthlessness of all things human;—the instability of all things earthly. They teach thee to place thy happiness on something more substantial. They teach thee to look beyond the confines of the tomb—to a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Go now, and think of these things." At that instant I awoke. I found myself still seated among the ruins of the temple. I arose, and, full of deep thought, retired to my habitation.

There is no more minutely or pleasantly tried than a good book.

CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have taken the Stand for DRESSING CLOTH, recently improved by MORRILL & RICKEN, at Steep Falls, in Norway, where they have made arrangements to Full and Dress Cloth in the best possible manner. They assure their customers that no exertions will be spared on their part to give satisfaction; and the terms of payment will be made satisfactory.

JOHN MARCH, JOSHUA RICKER.

July 2, 1827.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OF, and by virtue of sundry Executions and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the thirteenth day of August next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of John Hunt Inholder in Albany, all the Right in Equity which Charles Whitcomb has of redeeming a certain farm situated in Albany aforesaid, being the same farm with its appertinances that was conveyed by deed of Jeremiah Harriman to the said Charles Whitcomb and Moses C. Danforth, and since by the said Whitcomb mortgaged to the said Danforth (Dec. 28, 1825) conditioned for the payment of one hundred dollars in one year from that date.

WM. MORSE, Jr. Dep. Sheriff. Waterford, July 10, 1827.

LOST, OR TAKEN.

FROM the Attorney's Bar, at the Court House in Paris, while the Supreme Court was in session, the last month, an OBLIGATION, signed by Samuel A. Bradley, Robert Bradley, and Robert Page, to myself, and which Obligation related to the subject for which an action of ejectment was brought (and tried at said term) by said Bradleys and Page, against myself.—As I have heretofore suffered in consequence of the loss of an important deposition, in an action pending in Court, and which was afterwards ascertained to have been taken from the Court House. I am the more solicitous that the above named obligation should be brought to light. I therefore offer a reward of ten dollars, to any one who will return said paper to me—or, if purloined, will furnish the necessary proof to convict the person who took it from the Bar of the Court House, as it may be of much consequence to me in the final adjustment of the subject between said Bradleys, Page, and myself. JAMES W. RIPLEY. Fryeburg, June 2, 1827.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

ALL those Physicians of regular standing in the County of Oxford, and those in the County of Cumberland, who are desirous of uniting with them, in forming a branch of the Medical Society of Maine, are requested to meet at the house of Joshua Smith, Esq. in Norway Village, on Thursday the second day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. It is hoped that a general attendance will be realized.

July 5, 1827.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a

Capital of 200,000 Dollars, and a surplus Fund of more than THIRTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS; the whole secured and vested in the best possible manner,—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices.

The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The small compensation they require, and the liberality and promptness in adjusting losses that may accrue under their Policies together with eight years close application and experience, induce them to flatter themselves that they shall receive a share of public patronage.

The subscriber is an authorized Agent for this Company, and will issue Policies immediately, to those who may apply for them. ASA BARTON. Norway, July 5, 1827.

N. B.—As this Company does not insure upon marine risks, it is considered to be perfectly safe, and deserving of public confidence.

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since. HOOKSETT, June, 1823.

For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the Oxford Bookstore.

DR. LA GRANGE'S GENUINE OINTMENT FOR SALT RHEUM.

FEW CUTANEOUS diseases are met with more reluctance by the Physicians and none which he is so universally unsuccessful.

This Ointment has stood the test of experience and justly obtained an unparalleled celebrity. It immediately removes the scabs, gives a healthy action to the vessels of the skin, and its original color and smoothness.

Numerous recommendations might be obtained of its superior efficacy, but the Proprietor chose that a fair trial should be its only commentator. It has in three or four weeks cured cases of fifteen and twenty years standing, that had resisted the power of every remedy that could be devised.

It not only at once gives immediate relief in Salt Rheum, but cures Tinea Capitis, (commonly called SCALD HEAD), and all scabby eruptions peculiar to unhealthy children.

The above Ointment is for sale wholesale and retail at the Oxford Bookstore, Norway, Me. by ASA BARTON, who is agent for the proprietor.

A Literary Gazette, Embellished with splendid Engravings, at \$1 yearly.

THIS work is devoted to Science, Literature and the Arts. It contains choice Tales, Essays, Anecdotes and Poetry, both original and selected, and a variety of valuable miscellaneous reading, such as will make it agreeable to every literary reader. It is published every other Saturday, on 8 large quarto pages, with fine paper, and entirely new type, by ELWOOD WATER, at No. 71 Market Street, Philadelphia, at the very low price of One Dollar per annum, in advance. The first number, published on the 5th of May, is embellished with a correct and finely engraved portrait of *Merritt Lewis*, Esq. the explorer of the Missouri.

The embellishments to the ARIEL are by the best artists, and neither labor nor expense will be spared to make it valuable and interesting. The patronage bestowed: beyond all expectation. The demand for the work already enables us to print an edition of not less than 1500 Copies. Further subscriptions will be gratefully received at this office, where the work may be examined. All orders must be post paid, and accompanied by a year's subscription.

Morning Courier, NEW YORK.

A DAILY and Semi-weekly Paper, under the title of the Morning Courier, was issued on the third inst. and will continue to be issued from No. 2, Garden-st. opposite the Post Office, New-York.

The Morning Courier will be devoted to Miscellaneous, Politics, News, and Commerce. Experienced and prompt boatmen are employed to procure Ships News, and the earliest Foreign Intelligence.

A correct Price Current will appear four times each month. The politics of the Morning Courier will be Republican.

TERMS. For the Daily Paper \$10 per annum. For the Semi-weekly Paper \$4 per annum, payable in advance. Advertisements will be inserted on the usual terms.

Every sixth Paper, will be given to the Agent as a remuneration for the trouble of procuring subscribers.

The Post Masters throughout the Union are requested to act as Agents for the Morning Courier; should any, however, decline acting as Agents, those persons declining are respectfully solicited to place the agencies in the hands of responsible persons residing in their vicinity.

JOHN B. SKILLMAN, Proprietor. JOHN L. MUMFORD, JOHN B. SKILLMAN, JAMES G. BROOKS, JAMES LAWSON, Editors. May 30, 1827.

MORE BOOKS, at great Discount.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Life and Writings of the late Rev. JOHN MURRAY, Pastor of the first Universalist Church in Boston.—Young's Night Thoughts.—Eccentric Biography.—Hero of No Fiction, &c. &c. July 17.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the MAINE TOWN OFFICER—being a digest of the Laws relating to the duties of all officers necessary to be chosen in towns. July 17.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Memoirs of Capt. JAMES WILSON, containing an account of his enterprises and sufferings in India, his conversion to christianity, his missionary voyage to the South Sea, and his peaceful and triumphant death. (Also, Essays on the most important subjects in Religion, by Rev. THOMAS SCOTT, author of the commentary on the Bible, &c. &c. July 17.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Minutes of a discussion on the question, "Is the punishment of the wicked absolutely eternal? or is it only a temporal punishment in this world for their good, and to be succeeded by eternal happiness after death?" by Rev. Abner Kneeland and Rev. W. L. McCulla, which took place in Philadelphia; which lasted four days—taken in short hand by R. L. Jennings. July 17.

Gold and Silver WILL be paid for a few Dollars of Bills on the Kennebec Bank, at a Discount, if offered soon, at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE. ASA BARTON, Agent. July 19.

FOR SALE, A COMPLETE File of the Oxford Observer for the two last years, cheap.—inquire of ASA BARTON, Agent. July 5.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Kneeland's Translation of the New Testament; Kneeland's Lectures on the Divine Benevolence; Balou's Notes on the Parables; Cobb's Sermon's, &c. July 12.

JUST published, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Laws of MAINE, passed at the last session of the Legislature—price 25 cents. July 17.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, School Bibles, a good edition; also Colburn's Arithmetic; Writing and Wrapping Paper, &c. to be sold cheap.

The Observer

Is published every Thursday, by ASA BARTON, (FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at \$3 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.



VOL. IV.]

MORAL A

A LIFE

"Human life is indeed to be endured, it has been early taught to me, is not my home, is not my country, in my desert, the fruits are denied me?"

I have this day, that vanity has no who is faulting grave; and that view, save the in deceiving two of and cheered the in this age of over courage be indispensible man—self necessary to timid and my second, the posture be the nurse of medical science, ed in the selection crimination in the are to participate And thus, when my heard in this world struct from my gra

I was a girl of ether was Governor murder, attended w the most inhuman perpetrated in our an old man with h with the commissio delivered into his c I witnessed their b Castle. Years have other events have sorrow, affluence storm and sunshine other; foreign scene have intervened; I me now—in the de in which I am wri as if they were sta me! The harden the elder murder hoary hair frightful expression of his co grey eye, which around with the mo anxiety—his parch look, sadly at vari form and tottering g form a picture, whi never be forgotten. behind their father and sullen—mutter swer when asked v ceived from his v pression of vindica in his eye; the you down with the con kept his eyes fixed. Once only he raisi countered the old m beneath it.

Deposition, after out, and such a m evidence accumula ly possible to doub trial was to come ten days; but in the tee of the House of my father's presence left in charge of the responsibility which fore, and it did not I was surrounded by vants, and having a rely on my own cour exigencies, I enter without fears. The out wards were brot and remained under ing; and that my kept perfectly a the evening after h went on "smoothly one morning, I was Welsford was not supposed to have Phacards were post out delay—large r apprehension—offi despatched in all d out success.—Eig elapsed and no tidil him. How he wha what retreat he ha secret as ever.

In this annoying went to my own r of the second day wished to consult desk, and was bu search, when, hapi eye round, I disti a man cautiously p nature of my bed. ford's! My first m but recollecting th distant part of the distance was beyon faintest shriek wu truely smothered t tumbled—and thin